

*Prin.* O my sweet beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue Procured thee lack a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God bee thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayse them.

*Prince. Bardoll.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Goe beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster, To my brother Iohn: this to my Lord of Westmerlands. Go, Peto, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke* meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And either they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hofes*, my breakefast come, Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent i breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Hot.* Do so, and t'is well: wh but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from

*Hot.* Letters from him? why com

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lor

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the le In such a iustling time? who leade Vnder whose gouernement come

*Mess.* His letters beares his min

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth he

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, soure d And at the time of my departuret Hewas much feard by his Phisition

*Wor.* I would the state of time ha Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited His health was neuer better worth

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now, th The very life-bloud of our enterpr

T'is catching hither, euen to our c He writes me here, that inward sic

And that his friends by deputation Could not so soone be drawne, no

To lay so dangerous and deare a tr On any soule remou'd, but on his

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiser That with our small coniunction, v

To see how fortune is dispos'd to v For, as he writes, there is no quaili

Because the King is certainly poss Of all our purposes: what say you

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a r *Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limn

And yet, in faith, it is not his preser Seemes more then we shall find it. V

To set the exact wealth of all our st All at one cast? to set so rich a mai

On the nice hazzard of one doubt It were not good, for therein shoul

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